



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

surrounding parts. Many stones fell or were cast on the roof, which is seriously damaged in many places; and the glass throughout the building is entirely shattered. The noise which accompanied this destruction would not be equalled by the discharge of many pieces of heavy ordnance.

J. M.

To the Editor of the Dublin Penny Journal.

EMAN OGE.

A TRANSLATION FROM AN ORIGINAL IRISH MANUSCRIPT.

Edmond O'Foelin, hereditary chieftain of the Decii, better known to his friends and followers by the familiar appellation of Eman Oge,* a title adopted to distinguish him from an ancient kinsman of the same name, was about eighteen years of age when his father was killed in a skirmish with a party of marauders, who, coming down on his possessions in the night, as was frequent in those days, drove away his cattle, and were proceeding with them towards their forts and fastnesses in the mountains, when the chieftain of the valley, at the head of a numerous body of armed retainers, pursued and overtook them. The plunderers, strong in numbers and in arms, on perceiving their pursuers, boldly faced about and gave them battle. During the rencontre, which was fierce and bloody, the chieftain received a deadly wound, and almost instantly expired. Eman Oge, seeing his father fall, withdrew the remnant of his troops; and, bearing the lifeless body from the field, was proceeding in a homeward direction, when a neighbouring chieftain, with whom he had been a long time at variance, hastily gathering a few trusty followers, opposed his further progress.

The youthful warrior beholding an enemy thus taking advantage of his father's fall, and endeavouring to obstruct his passage, halted his party, and, advancing to the front, called out—

"Forbear, O'More!—Forbear your unmanly triumph over a fallen enemy!"

"Son of the fallen chief," exclaimed O'More, "thy caution is uncalled for. The enemy of O'Foelin boasts no triumph. His is the feeling of regret that O'Foelin should have fallen so ignobly. I loved him once—heaven is my witness; but he deceived me, and"—

"Hold!" vociferated Eman Oge, anger now checking the tide of sorrow—"Hold thy slanderous tongue, nor dare traduce the honoured dead; or know, dastard chieftain, that in Eman Oge you shall find a foe as unflinching as his father!"

"Forbear, thou hot-brained boy," replied O'More, "nor rashly entail upon thyself the enmity of one who feels for your misfortune, and is more disposed to pity than to hate you—give me your hand. Although an enemy to your father's house, I yet can honour the spirit that flashes in your eye, and would resent the supposed indignity offered to a departed parent; but trust me, youth, I meant him no offence. Living, he was my enemy, but now, both he and the cause of our contention are no more, and here the strife is ended—nay, give me your hand."

There was something irresistibly commanding in the manner of the grey-haired chief, which the young man (overpowered as he was at the moment, and stricken to the heart with sorrow) was unable to oppose. Had he, indeed, assumed a hostile deportment, or offered the expected contumely, the spirit of the youth would have risen against it, and borne him up; but, as it was, the feelings of resentment first awakened by the sudden appearance of an enemy under such afflicting circumstances, were subdued and died away. Edmond yielded; and though half reluctantly, and scarcely sensible of what he did, received the offered grasp. The lordly chieftain then turning to the mourning group, (who stood in mute wonder at the extraordinary termination of an encounter that, at the commencement, threatened consequences of a far different nature,) bade them proceed; and when the respected burden which they carried should have received the last sad earthly rites, himself would join their youthful leader in seeking vengeance on the lawless hords who

had dared to shed a prince's blood. Most strictly did O'More perform this engagement.

Uniting his forces with those of the O'Foelin, he entered the mountains—pushed forward through their pathless wilds—overtook the enemy ere they had gained their hold—recovered the booty—and, as far as bloodshed could compensate for blood, meted out to the lately victorious party a vengeance with no measured hand. In this rather curious way commenced a friendship of no ordinary character between those chieftains. From that time O'More behaved in all respects with the warmth of paternal affection towards Eman Oge, the son of his once mortal enemy; and thenceforth, too, did the young O'Foelin, on his part, evince (by that respectful deference so becoming in the conduct of the young towards the aged) the high esteem in which he held O'More, so late his father's foe. The melancholy event by which the young man had been deprived of his natural protector, having proved the means of supplying him with a substitute, in the person of the individual from whom, of all others, he would least have looked for kindness; yet who, suddenly changing from a deadly foe to a generous friend, and seeming to bury all animosity in the tomb of the father, stepped into his place, and performed all a parent's duties to the orphan son. Such extraordinary conduct could not pass unnoticed by those chieftains who resided in the neighbouring country. It was quickly rumoured abroad, that as O'More was childless, he intended to make Edmond his heir, and thus, by being kind to the son, in some way make compensation for the many injuries he had inflicted on the father. The vicinity of their castles afforded opportunity of daily intercourse; and the sports of the field, in which O'More still possessed sufficient vigour to partake with delight, being also suited to the habits and the taste of Edmond, were pursued by them together in mutual enjoyment; but here alone they met on an equality, for in all athletic and warlike exercises the elder chief excelled, and the younger gladly availed himself of such a model for his own improvement, and soon reaped the advantage. Pitching the bar, running at the ring, and wielding the lance—then considered gentlemanly pursuits—he attained with facility, and practised with applause; but in the management of the English cross-bow—a weapon just come into repute—he stood unrivalled. In short, his mental qualifications and personal acquirements, added to an engaging countenance and manly figure, rendered him, at the age of twenty, the most esteemed as well as the most admired character in the district where he lived; and while Eman Oge was the subject of general praise, his immediate tenantry and followers, held him in a kind of adoration; by them he was considered the perfect representative of their ancient kings and heroes—a race which was still remembered with affectionate exultation.

As time passed away, the bands of mutual esteem were more closely drawn between the two friends. The princely mansion of O'More, where feudal magnificence was displayed with lavish hand, received the daily visit of Eman Oge, and loudly was his presence hailed by the numerous guests who partook the hospitality of its sumptuous board, and who, quickly perceiving that no subject was more agreeable to the entertainer's ear, than the praises of the young O'Foelin, discovered in him continually some new excellence, which failed not to call forth their utmost adoration. Whether or not they were sincere, was little heeded by O'More; he smiled at their flattery, while, sensible of the value of such an associate, he enjoyed his company as a source of pure and rational recreation, to which he had been long unaccustomed. Constrained either to shun society, or mix with such as his neighbourhood afforded, he found himself surrounded by persons whose manners and conversation were no way suited to his taste; but when Edmond was added to the party, an agreeable change immediately appeared; his refined ideas, his chaste yet lively converse, checked the broad roar of boisterous mirth and coarse allusion so common in those days, although altogether distasteful to the more polished mind of O'More, while, at the same time, it excited the witty jest and gay rejoinder, and thus rendered company what it ought to be—an innocent relaxation of

the mind from worldly cares; but the hours most appreciated by those friends were, when relieved from the presence of the heartless crowd, they could freely unbosom themselves, and indulge in the communication of congenial sentiments. It was then that the inequalities of age were forgotten, or only remembered that the younger should benefit by the more extensive information of the elder. It was in one of those moments of confidential intercourse, that Edmond first learned the origin of that deadly enmity which had so long subsisted between his father and his now so much valued friend, the justness of which, on the side of his parent, he had never for a moment doubted, nor even allowed himself to question. He had ever heard O'More spoken of as an enemy, and as such he, of course, considered him. It was not, therefore, without a considerable degree of surprise he now discovered that a rivalry in love, attended with circumstances of aggravation, such as he could not hear related without pain, was the source of all that malevolent hostility so long persisted in between his deceased parent and his present friend.

They were now arrived at the castle gates which stood hospitably open—they entered, and were, with their whole train, received in the court by a crowd of vassals who bade them welcome; and while some were busied in providing for the accommodation of the attendants, others joyfully conducted the masters to the presence of their chief, Clandonell. This Irish patriarch, as he may well be called, had completed his eightieth year, yet was he in full possession of all his faculties: he was tall of stature, broad shouldered, and of great muscular appearance, and though his beard was silvered with age, yet his cheek was ruddy, and his eye clear and piercing; his neck, which was of uncommon thickness, was but partially covered by a collar open in front, beneath which was clasped his long grey mantle, bordered with the six distinguishing colours, denoting his high quality; on his head was a black velvet cap of a conical form, but placed so far back as to display fully the tufted hair, of which he was particularly tenacious. He was seated in company with four other men, at the extreme end of a very large apartment, on a high-backed chair, composed of mat; but rose majestically to receive his guests—when, recognizing O'More, he uttered a shout rather than an exclamation of pleasure; and while he shook him repeatedly by the hand, continued to express his satisfaction by reiterating,

"This is well—this is right—O'More is not the man to forget old friends." Then noticing Edmond, he extended a hand to him, adding, as he did so—"and you, too, are welcome, though I know you not—heartily welcome, as coming with O'More."

Edmond, bowing respectfully, thanked him in his native language for his very kind reception; while O'More, presenting him, said, "This is the youthful chieftain of the Decii, who honours me with his friendship."

"What!" cried Clandonell, "O'Foelin, the son of your former enemy?"

"The same," replied O'More, "and dear to me as his father was otherwise; but, I pray you, no more of this—all past dissensions are hushed in the grave, and I love him too well to wish the memory of them revived."

"Hark you, one word and I am silent," returned the old chieftain, with an arch expression of countenance, "which is it for his own sake or his mother's, that you love the youth?"

"In honest truth, then, my friend," replied O'More, "at first it was for his mother's sake, but soon it was entirely for his own; and here I beg you will let the subject rest."

Clandonell again extended his hand to Edmond, (whose expressive features indicated a feeling of embarrassment,) saying, "Forgive an old man's pleasantry; I would not hurt your feelings—trust me, I would not."

Edmond bowed in silence; and all now seating themselves, the table was soon after covered to profusion; several ladies, and two very fine lads, now joined the company. Two of the former were already known to O'More, and all were introduced to Edmond, by Clandonell, as his daughter, his grand-daughter, and great grand-children.

They were lively and agreeable, even the elder ones; and the evening passed cheerfully in their company.

While at table, they were entertained, according to ancient custom, by the household musician or bard, who, seated at a distance from the company, played on his harp the most favourite airs; at intervals he joined his voice, and sung to it the mighty exploits performed by the chieftains of Clandonell. The cup then began to circulate more freely, and the females withdrew, to the no small regret of Edmond, who was charmed with their conversation, and did not entirely approve that of his host, whose principal subject was politics, in which he appeared deeply engaged, and was angry and impatient at the slightest contradiction; one only of the party ventured to differ from him respecting the views of Spain; observing, that for his part, he could see no advantage likely to arise by furthering the designs of king Philip; that if their ancient dynasty were not restored, they might as well be governed by one foreign power as by another; and as to the Queen—Here the old chief captiously interrupted, repeating—

"The Queen!—name her not in my presence. Shall Ireland, that has for countless ages been ruled by a race of warlike princes, submit to be governed by a woman? What have we to do with the English hag? Name her not to me—I declare for Philip!"

"Yet I doubt," replied the other, smiling significantly, "if you would not be loser by the exchange."

"Ay, ay," said Clandonell, "she pays me the black rent, and I let her alone; but you speak too favourably of her and her people. It hurts my Irish ear to listen to you; and, Sir Phelim, only that I know you cannot be in earnest, and say those things merely to try my temper, you should be husband to no grand-daughter of mine, and Kate should look out for another lover."

"That would be a penalty by far too high to pay for my loyalty to the Queen," returned Sir Phelim, "so my good Sir, let Kate be mine, and dispose of her majesty as you think fit."

So saying, he arose, and inviting Edmond to accompany him, they quitted the apartment together, followed by the two lads.

"You must have observed my lovely Kate," said he, as they proceeded along an extensive gallery.

"I know not," replied Edmond, "there were two very lovely young women, and a fine little girl."

"Yes," said Sir Phelim; "little Mona, the old chief's pet, she and her sister Aveline, are orphan daughters of his grandson; Kate and the boys are the children of his widowed grand-daughter, who, as well as her mother, (also a widow,) you have seen."

They now entered another apartment, where they found the ladies assembled, and where he soon distinguished Kate, by the looks of intelligence that passed between her and her lover. She was truly beautiful; but Edmond considered Aveline equally so. Kate had the advantage in height alone, for Aveline was possessed of equal grace, and an unrivalled brilliancy of complexion; both appeared amiable, and now, no longer restrained by the presence of the old man, sang and chatted in English, with a fluency that proved their perfect knowledge of the forbidden language, and in turn entertained their guests with music, till the whole party were summoned to the presence of Clandonell, whom they found bitterly lamenting the intended departure of O'More, at an early hour in the morning, the arrangement having been just communicated to him by his friend, who declined the most pressing invitation to prolong his visit even one day, in consequence of the emergency that pressed on him.

"And why did you not commence your journey sooner, perverse as you are," said Clandonell, "and not come in this way, just to look at a friend that has not seen you for so many years, and then be off without a moment's notice."

"In sooth, it was not in my power to leave home on an earlier day," replied O'More; "but we shall shortly meet again."

"Say you so?" cried Clandonell; "well, in that case, I forgive you; and since we must part so soon, while we are together let us be merry."

Then calling his little favourite Mona to his knee, at his command she sang a very comic song, which he rewarded with a kiss; then putting her hand in that of Edmond, he bade her shew his friends how she could dance; the ever ready musician instantly struck up a lively tune, and the night concluded with a general and hearty dance. Edmond declared next morning that it was the pleasantest evening he ever spent; and as he journeyed away, and described the castle from an eminence, waving his hand, he cried, "Adieu, Clandonell, but not, I hope, for ever." O More looked at him and smiled. They proceeded a considerable time in silence, Edmond ruminating on the charms of female society, to which he had been hitherto unaccustomed—O More wrapped in meditation.

* * * * *

At length they reached the chamber of audience, which was crowded; and as they entered, a scene of magnificence burst upon their view, at once so new, and so imposing to the eyes of Edmond, that for a moment he involuntarily shrunk back; the Queen was seated on her throne, blazing in jewels, surrounded by her ladies and principal officers of state, all gorgeously attired. She had been receiving the ambassadors of foreign courts, and seemed in high good humour, affably bestowing some mark of attention on every one around her; when a gentleman, having addressed something to her in a low voice, a glance of her quick penetrating eye rested for a moment on Edmond and his companion, when turning to a lady who stood beside her, she said in no very suppressed tone, "Fore heaven, Hansdon, those Irish are a comely race—beshrew me, if this surpasseth not O'Neill."

The lady gave an assenting smile, as her eye glanced in the same direction; and at the same instant, Sir Charles, with his Irish friend, advanced, and with the usual ceremony were presented. Edmond, gracefully bending the knee, and bowing his head in the most profound obeisance, then ventured to raise his eyes to the august personage, as he said—

"Royal Elizabeth—most gracious lady—vouchsafe to hear the story of my wrongs."

"You may forbear, Sir Eman," said she—"is not that your name?"

"In my own country, so please your majesty," he replied, "I am so called. In English my name is Edmond."

"Well, Sir Edmond," returned the Queen, "you may forbear the recital—already do we know what you have suffered, as well as the fair object of your love, and, trust me, it goes not unrevenge. Yon traitor, whom they call Fitz John, false both to us and you, has felt, ere this time, the weight of our displeasure; and for that castle—that den of murder—we have fixed its doom. To you, our trusty Merton, we commit the charge of seeing our sentence executed. Hie thee back to Ireland with what speed you may, and see you leave not one stone of it upon another—destroy—demolish—raze it to the earth. So fare you well."

Then extending her hand to each, they kissed it, and retired.

"THE LAST LINKS."

The last links are broken
That bound me to thee;
And the words thou hast spoken
Have rendered me free.
That bright glance, misleading,
On others may shine—
Those eyes smil'd, unheeding,
When tears burst from mine.
If my love was deem'd boldness,
That error is o'er—
I've witness'd thy coldness,
And prize thee no more.
Oh! I have not lov'd lightly—
I'll think on thee yet—
I'll pray for thee nightly
Till life's sun has set.
Our feelings, though deep,
May be blunted at last,

And our eyes cease to weep
O'er the present or past.
The chain that enthral'd me
In secret was worn—
The coldness that gall'd me
In silence was borne.
Though my sorrow subdued me,
It did not appear;
Though thy frown has pursued me,
Long, long wert thou dear.
Yet the form my heart cherished
Still in it shall dwell,
Though affection has perished,
And love sighed—Farewell!

TO TELL YOU I LOVE YOU WERE USELESS AND VAIN.

Air—"Believe me, of all those endearing young charms,"

To tell you I love you were useless and vain,
I have told it too often before,
So I will not disturb you by breathing again
A feeling you've cherish'd of yore.

You are chang'd, it would seem. Yes, the heart that
once flow'd
With emotions the purest, is still—
A heart that affection most warmly glow'd,
Oh, alas! is now cold to its thrill.

Yet, I will not upbraid you, thus chang'd tho' you be—
No, nor deem you deceitful or base;
You are free—and those smiles so oft given to me,
For ever from mem'ry efface.

Did you change to another, it were not so bad
As thus careless and callous to prove:
Revenge might then fire, and the heart, now so sad,
Could—aye, hate what it's doom'd for to love.

Then, farewell!—oh, farewell!—ne'er again through
the grove,
By the fountain's soft murmuring rill,
While the sun in his glory shines brightly above,
Shall I rove with the maid of Larch Hill.

Even though I there muse in the calmness of eve,
'Twas the haunt of my boyhood's bright day,
As, perchance, 'twill my feverish spirit relieve
To see nature in sombrous array.

Kilkenny.

C. M. C.

RELICS OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

It may afford some idea of the numbers of the relics of ancient days at present scattered over Ireland, to mention, that the following are in the collection of one gentleman in the vicinity of Newry, mostly discovered and collected by himself:—

- 72 Sicilious arrow heads.
- 20 Ditto, rude.
- 40 Medals.
- 60 Decades and beads.
- 45 Amulets, rude.
- 2 Ditto, scented.
- 12 Urns and cups, containing calcined bones, arrow heads, &c. mostly perfect.
- 20 Stone hatchets, from 2 to 9 inches long.
- 9 Brazen spears.
- 18 Ditto Hatchets.
- 10 Celts.
- 1 Censor pan.

Dublin: Stereotyped, and Printed at his Steam-Press, by P. Dixon HARRY, 3, Cecilia-street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.

Sold in London, by Rich. Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Willmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambery; in Birmingham, by Guest, 91, Steelhouse-lane; in Glasgow, by John Macleod; in Edinburgh, by N. Bowack; and in Montreal, by J. Fleming.

Published in Weekly and Monthly Numbers, and in Yearly Volumes.